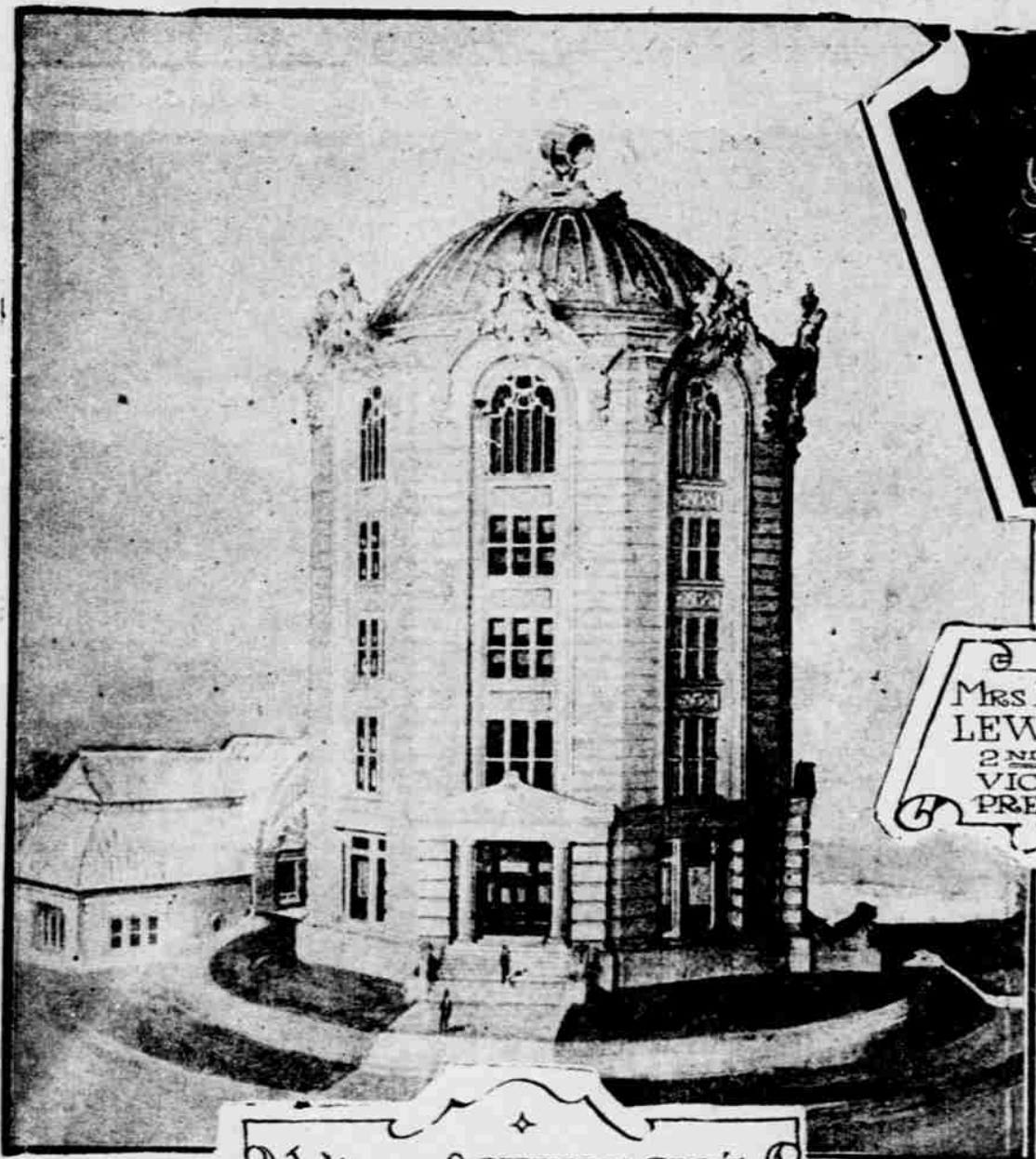
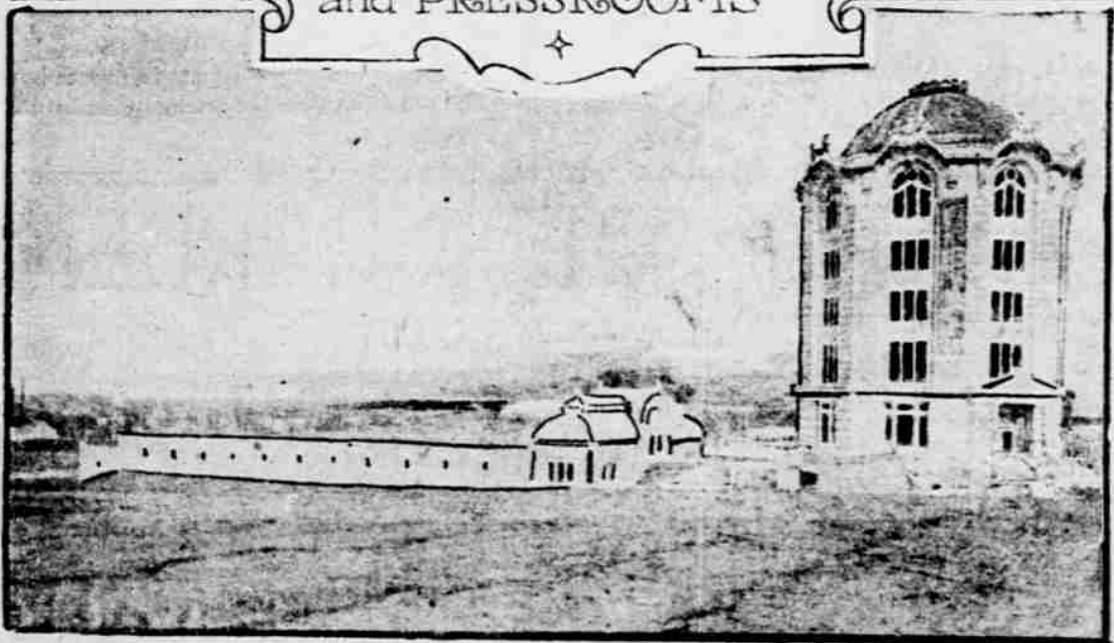


# The Most Remarkable in the



View of OFFICE BLDG. and PRESSROOMS



View of GREAT SUBSCRIPTION ROOMS

Mrs E. G. LEWIS  
2ND VICE-PRES.

Mrs F. J. CABOT  
ASST. EDITOR

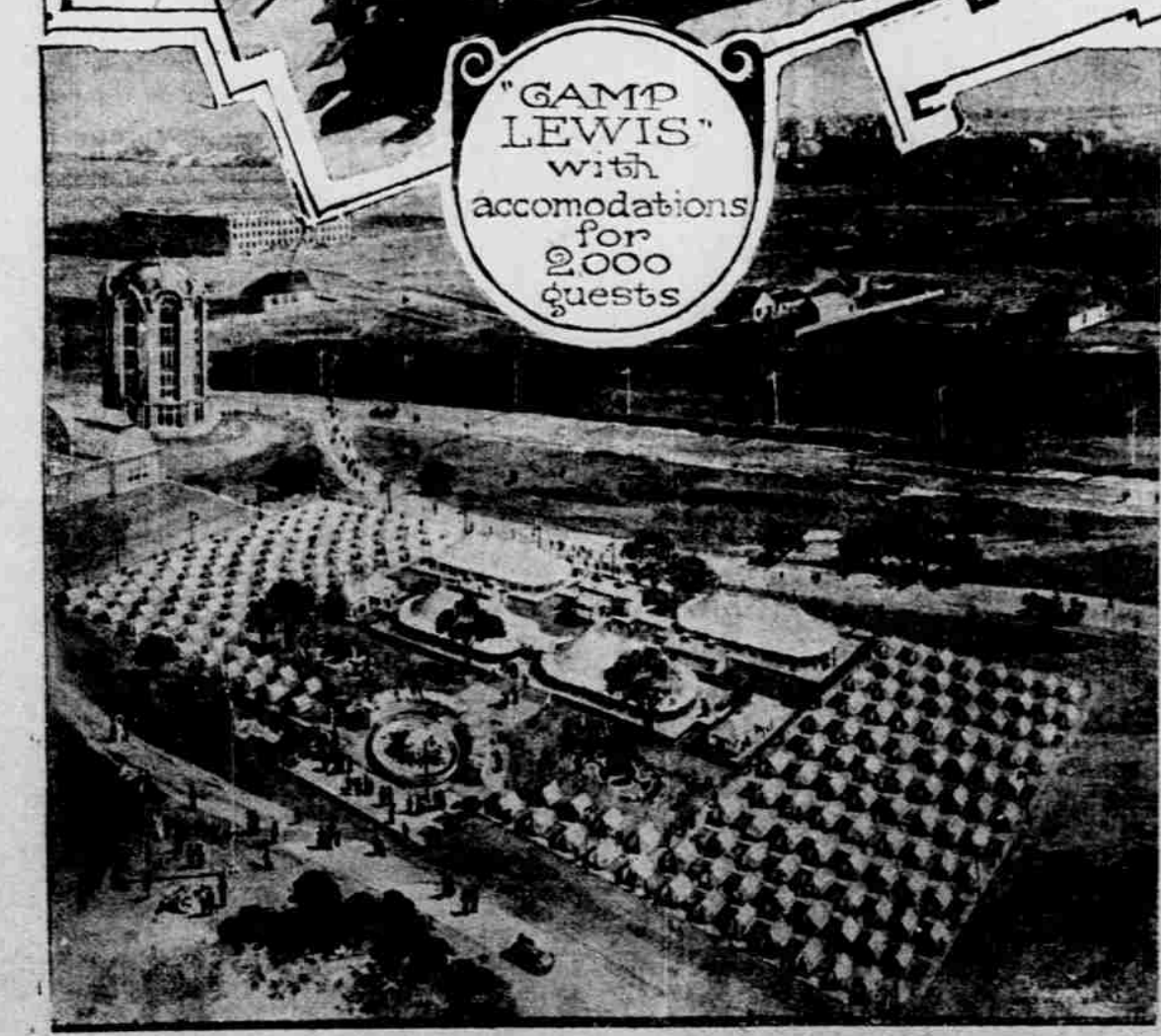
MAJ. H. L. KRAMER  
1ST VICE-PRES.

E. G. LEWIS  
PRES.



PRESSROOMS AND BINDERY  
275 FEET BY 100 FEET

"CAMP LEWIS"  
with accommodations for 2000 guests



On the night of April 20 of this year, after the dedication ceremonies opening the World's Fair, a great light suddenly burst out in the sky, sweeping from north to south and east to west in a blinding, blinding beam seven feet in diameter, the reflection of which was seen as far away as Kansas City, nearly 300 miles. Nearly everyone in St. Louis wondered what it could be and where it came from. It seemed to start from a high point in the west end of the city, and a few of the initiated knew it was the great searchlight on top of the dome of the Woman's Magazine building on University Heights. Since then it has swept the sky nightly. This light is the glowing glory of the most beautiful building in St. Louis, which in turn is the home of what is probably the most wonderful enterprise in the world. The light itself is by far the largest and most powerful searchlight in the world, having been built at a cost of \$12,000 and requiring nearly a year to construct. It marked the final completion of a building which probably has few equals in the world and which is a source of pride to St. Louis and its people, not alone because of the beauty and magnificence of the building itself, but because it contains an enterprise known all over the world, and one with which most of the very best people of our city are now identified and are very proud of.

The great building is open to visitors day and night. Twenty years ago a young boy of 14 started to publish a paper. It was to be a magazine for the great mass of the people. It lived a week (it was a weekly). It cost the youth his billy goat and several other valued assets by the time the bills had been paid, but it went into honorable liquidation and the bills were paid. The paper died, but the idea lived on in the boy's mind. Three years in college and twelve years of hard work in the endeavor to accumulate enough to start that paper again, and start it, finally resulted through misfortune in his arriving at about where he had started, so far as capital

was concerned, but with a wide and general fund of experience in business methods and finance, and the idea still firmly fixed in his mind of publishing "the greatest magazine the world ever saw." At this point the bull was taken by the horns and the magazine launched with a cash capital of \$125,000 on what proved to be the most remarkable career any publication has ever had. To-day, five years from its birth, The Woman's Magazine has a paid subscription list of one million six hundred thousand (1,600,000) subscribers, reaching one out of every ten homes in America each issue, employs 500 people in its production, owns the finest and largest publishing plant in the world, built for spot cash at a cost of over half a million dollars; requires fifteen carloads of paper to produce it and eight tons of printing ink to print it; has its own Post Office and mail cars, paying into the United States Post Office Department a quarter of a million dollars in postage per year; has a companion magazine, The Woman's Farm Journal, with a circulation of \$20,000 copies each issue; reaches every Post Office in the United States and Canada; receives a daily mail of from 12,000 to 13,000 letters, and earns for its publisher over a quarter million dollars per annum net, and has a capital of a million and a quarter dollars.

Yet the subscription price of this magazine is 10c per year, or \$2 for life. It all sounds like a fairy tale, but there in the West End of St. Louis, in one of the best residence districts, stands the great building, surrounded by eighty-five acres of beautiful grounds, laid out into a grand residence park, in which the offices of the publication are building their homes and where "Camp Lewis" has suddenly appeared, with its thousand snow-white tents, electric lights and all the comforts of home, ready to care for the thousands of readers of the Woman's Magazine and Farm Journal who shall visit our great Exposition. It all shows what a man can do if he will only go at it right, do it right and keep at it. There is one thing, however, that is not generally understood, and which has caused this great industry, now a public enterprise in scope, to be almost unknown to the people of St. Louis, its home. By a curious construction of the postal laws, a monthly magazine cannot circulate in the city in which it is published excepting at great loss to the publishers, as the postage on the

Woman's Magazine to a subscriber in St. Louis would be just sixteen times as much as to a subscriber in the Philippine Islands or any part of North America.

Forming as it does one of the proudest features of St. Louis, a full knowledge of this wonderful establishment should be had by every St. Louisan. In order that visiting friends from a distance may not know more about the largest publication in the world than the people in its own city.

Taking the Delmar Garden car, the representative of The Republic reached the entrance grounds of the great octagonal building, which stands on a high hill overlooking the World's Fair, and which is now a landmark from all parts of the West End. Beautiful walks lead up to a grand entrance, on each side of which stand enormous carved stone lions ten feet in height. The office building proper is octagonal in shape, built of cut stone, terra cotta, brick and steel, 35 feet in diameter by 135 feet in height, and crowned by an immense dome of copper, about which are perched sixteen carved Cupids, each ten feet high and weighing two and one-half tons. The ground floor is open like the interior of a great bank, and in fact, was designed for a great bank, which is so do business through the mail exclusively with the 1,000,000 families who each month read the magazine; but more of that later. The floor is in mosaics, and about the grand central staircase, the bank fixtures, of marble, hard woods and bronzes, are grouped. In the center of this floor rises what is probably the most beautiful stair in America, built of white Italian marble and bronze at a cost of \$17,000.

On the second floor a balcony surrounds the central stair well, upheld by eight great marble pillars. This balcony is faced to the ceiling with beautiful marbles, while on the ceiling itself are superb mural paintings by one of the foremost artists of America. About this balcony are the editorial and executive offices, finished in hard woods and beautifully decorated. At the head of the stair is the president's office, probably the most beautifully furnished office in the city. Behind the president's desk sits a young man of 24, slightly gray about the temples, quick and active, with vitality and force in every movement, but quiet and gentle spoken. This is E. G. Lewis, the creator of The Woman's Magazine, president of the Lewis Publishing Company, with a million and a quarter dollars capital; the University Heights Realty Company, with a million dollars capital, and a director and officer in several companies with several other millions capital. He is the same person who, twenty years ago, sold his billy goat to start his first paper. He lives in a quiet little home on Euclid avenue, which he bought on the last instant plan some years ago, and, so far as I can learn, has one chief ambition, to publish "the greatest magazine the world ever saw," treat everyone honestly and fairly, make his employees

love him, and spend his spare moments with his wife, who is also the second vice president of the company. He says that when he dies he wants to be buried under the center of his great domed building, and carries half a million dollars life insurance, so that every promise and pledge made in life may be carried out in the event of his sudden death. He lives he will carry them out himself, for that is his record, and no man in St. Louis holds more firmly the confidence of the bankers and business men of our city and no other corporation or enterprise ever before had so many of our foremost citizens, bankers, merchants and professional men associated with it as has the Lewis Publishing Company, making one word at least, where a prophet has been heard in his own city. It is related of Mr. Lewis, as an illustration of the spirit and grit that has enabled him to build up such a business that in the days of the early struggles with his magazine he once sat five consecutive days and nights on the train between Chicago and St. Louis in order to protect his "promise to pay" a certain obligation, rather than go to the party who held it and ask for an extension of time.

Leaving the editorial floor, one goes up to the third floor, on which are placed the composing-room, artists' studio, bindery where the millions of letters are all kept carefully filed for instant reference; the mailing-room, where the outgoing correspondence is folded, put in its envelopes and stamped for its journey; and the subscription room, where every subscriber's name is carefully kept in card files, and eight young ladies occupy all their time in making the changes in address made necessary each day by the moving about of the 2,000,000 subscribers. If only one family out of a thousand moves each month, this means two thousand changes to be made each month in the subscription files. The light and ventilation in this room are perfect, and every possible comfort and convenience is provided.

On the fifth floor, a grand banquet hall, occupying the entire floor, is being finished off with a domed ceiling thirty feet in height.

Passing up onto the observation platform at the top of the great dome, all St. Louis lay below, for it is by far the highest building in the city. Directly to the east the finest view of the city and the river reaches almost to the corner of the grounds, while to the south Washington University and the World's Fair grounds seem so close one could almost jump into them. Taking the elevator to the basement, one passes through a short tunnel into a great palm house and conservatory, where the most beautiful plants and the choicest palms, then down a stair to a grand balcony overlooking the largest and most complete pressrooms in the world, 275 feet in length by 100 feet in width.

Here visitors can sit and watch the wonderful process of producing 2,000,000 copies of the magazine each week, and the two publications owned by the company, which is done in eight days' time each month. On one side is a row of nine great presses, on the other are eight great folding and binding machines; against the wall, at the west, are the massive cutting machines, which trim the edges, and in the center, where the paper is cut into sheets, are the great mangle rollers, receiving their power from the great noiseless engines at the far end. Throughout both buildings every convenience and comfort for the employees has been provided, even to the piping of drinking water from a spring half a mile away, which flows out in little marble fountains in each room.

This is the new home of the Lewis Publishing Company, publishers of The Woman's Magazine, circulation over 1,600,000 copies each issue, and The Woman's Farm Journal, circulation over 200,000 copies each issue. The subscription price of each is ten cents (10c) per year. Don't overlook that point, wherever you do.

Just to one side of the great building a beautiful little stone chapel is being erected, and the Reverend William H. Lewis, pastor of the Episcopal Church, St. Louis, will lay the corner stone Tuesday, May 17, at 5 p. m., having come on from the East for that purpose. All St. Louisans will be welcome at the ceremonies.

Returning to the main building, I asked